

patched fustian trousers; one, the youngest, had a pair of white trousers, very smart, tucked into a pair of long boots—he was the dandy, I presume; some smoked short pipes; all were in the highest and most uproarious spirits. Their costume would have been dear in Holywell Street at twenty shillings, and their horses cheap at Tattersall's at one hundred pounds. These were a party of gentlemen squatters coming down after a year or two in the bush, to transact business and refresh in the great city of Australia.

DEATH IN THE TEAPOT.

By the help of Mr. Slivers, we were enabled in a recent number to expose to an injured public some of the ingredients of metropolitan milk—"London Genuine particular." A correspondent now makes a further revelation of how our tea-pots are defiled when it is innocently supposed that a pure beverage is in course of concoction.

"A short time since," he says, "a friend of mine, a chemist in Manchester, was applied to for a quantity of French chalk, a species of talc, in fine powder; the party who purchased it, used regularly several pounds a week; not being an article of usual sale in such quantity, our friend became curious to know to what use it could be applied; on asking the wholesale dealer who supplied him, he stated his belief, that it was used in '*facing*' tea (the last process of converting black tea into green), and that within the last month or two, he had sold in Manchester upwards of a thousand pounds of it. Our friend the chemist then instituted a series of experiments, and the result proved that a great deal, if not all the *common* green tea used in this country is coloured artificially. The very first experiment demonstrated fraud. The plan adopted was as follows:—A few spoonfuls of green tea at five shillings a pound, were placed on a small sieve, and held under a gentle stream of cold water flowing from a tap for the space of four or five minutes. The tea quickly changed its colour from green to a dull yellow, and upon drying with a very gentle heat gradually assumed the appearance of ordinary black tea. On making a minute microscopic examination of the colouring matter washed from the leaf, and which was caught in a vessel below, it appeared to be composed of three substances, particles of yellow, blue, and white. The blue was proved to be Prussian blue—the yellow thought to be the turmeric, and the white, French chalk. If the two former be mixed together in very fine powder, they will give a green of any required shade. It is made to adhere to the tea-leaf by some adhesive matter, and then it is '*faced*' by the French chalk, to give it the pearly appearance so much liked.

"This simple experiment any one can perform. A gentleman assured me that a friend

of his a short time since happened—though quite unintentionally—on his part, to walk into a private room connected with the establishment of a wholesale tea-dealer, and there he saw the people actually at work converting the black tea into green; the proprietor soon discovered his presence in the room, and before him, in no measured terms, severely reprimanded the workmen for having permitted a stranger to enter."

CITY GRAVES.

I WALKED straight through the gathering fog,
By drains and ditches fed,
Until I saw the City church
High towering over head,
And came to where the grave-yard holds
Its half-unburied dead!

Hard by the Thames, those high-piled graves
Higher and higher grow,
Where living men, at morn and eve,
By thousands come and go;
Where ledgers pile the desks above,
And gold lies hid below.

Within those walls, the peace of death—
Without, life's ceaseless din;
The toiler, at his work, can see
The tombs of his mouldering kin;
And the living without, grow, day by day,
More like the dead within.

I saw the wheezy beadle pause,
Panting with gold and lace,
He turned the key in its creaking lock,
With handkerchief over his face.
And pale-faced urchins gambolled round
The "consecrated" place.

I saw from out the earth peep forth
The white and glistening bones,
With jagged ends of coffin-planks,
That e'en the worm disowns;
And once a smooth round skull rolled on
Like a football, on the stones.

I thought of those who bear the sounds
Of Life across the foam,
In foreign climes, in savage lands,
Who rear Religion's dome;
They might have taught our rulers first
To spare *our* lives at home.

Too late the wished-for boon has come,
Too late wiped out the stain—
No Schedule shall restore to health,
No Act give life again
To the thousands whom, in bygone years,
Our City Graves have slain!

THE HUNTERIAN MUSEUM.

LONDON is full of strong contrasts, and one of them may be met with in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Two large public buildings adorn that fine open square—as different in character, appearance, associations, and objects as two structures could be—the one appertaining to law, and the other to physic.

Lincoln's-Inn Hall is a noble-looking place, in the English style that perhaps suits our

English climate better than any other—with red brick walls, gables, towers, and buttresses, and a wide spanning roof, betokening a noble building fit for the usages of hospitality or the despatch of legal business.

The second of the two buildings instead of warm red brick, presents a cold stone, stately classic front, adorned by a row of tall Grecian columns, under which we pass to enter the place. In two minutes we are in a different world. Without, we left an atmosphere of life and living bustle; within, we find a stiller, calmer company. We walk amidst an abundant harvest yielded by death to teach the lesson of how life continues, and we come in absolute contact with some things that moved upon the earth before the Flood. About us are innumerable forms in which life has been. Now all are quiet in the serene dignity of death. Very few minutes are generally enough to calm down the minds of those who may visit the two buildings in succession—who, after seeing the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, will pass along the square and enter the Hunterian Museum at the College of Surgeons.

But if we witness here the revelations of the dissecting-room, we are startled by none of its grossness or its taints. The museum is a large architectural building, lighted from above, and at first glance seems to be a noble hall of stone, mahogany, and plate-glass, raised for the occupation of a regiment of skeletons and an army of bottles. Shelves and galleries run round the place, from the floor to the roof, and every shelf is crowded with specimens of all sizes and colours. Upon the front of the galleries, skulls and antlers, of various kinds, are fixed, and amongst them some of gigantic size, which we soon learn belonged to the creatures the traveller Bruce spoke of, as the mysterious Sauga of Central Africa. From the door we enter at, to the extreme end of the place, run two rows of mahogany, glass-roofed cases, the lower portions filled with drawers containing specimens for reference, and the tops covered with others of more beauty or interest. These cases divide the floor into three straight walks, along which, at regular intervals, are pedestals to support various things too large for enclosure. Nearest the door are the oldest and most curious of the contents of the place—the relics of the huge monsters who roved in the primeval wilds of our earth long before the Flood.

These are the ancient glyptodon, the still older mylodon, and the megatherium, more ancient than either. Looking at the bones of these extinct monsters, and glancing from them upon the other bony relics disposed about the place, we see, at once, how immensely larger some of the animals of our earth once were, than they are now. The skeleton of the elephant, at the opposite end of the hall, and the bones of the hippopotamus, close by, look small in comparison with those of the creatures no longer found alive, and

whose existence is now one of the romances of geology and of the animal world. The whale is the only existing creature that can bear comparison with the by-gone monsters whose existence is shown by the bones in this place; and of the skeleton of the whale we have no perfect specimen, because the building is not large enough to hold it, and the college wants funds to build a place for the reception of the creature that would make this national collection more complete. Amid the real riches of the place we cannot avoid wishing it more perfect. The skeleton of a whale was exhibited in London some years ago, and attracted much notice; but it was taken away, and is now in France. Another may be seen in the Museum at Berlin. We ought to have a perfect one in the Hunterian Collection. The money of the College has been liberally poured out to secure the strange old-world relics. One Don Pedro de Angelis, an active collector, who secured the bones of the glyptodon and mylodon, on the alluvial plains near Buenos Ayres, received for them no less than three hundred pounds thirteen shillings; for the bones of the mastodon, found in Kentucky, another speculative gentleman got one hundred and sixty pounds; whilst a Mr. Cumming received one hundred and six pounds for a set of choice shells he collected in the Philippine Islands; making together a handsome sum well spent to enrich the collection. Everything, however, need not be sacrificed to the past. The creatures of our period deserve a place, the more so since the extension of commerce, and of whaling energy, threatens the ultimate extinction of the mammoth of the deep. If the College cannot afford to extend their building to make room for a whale, let the extension be made by the Government. Mr. Arnott, the President of the College, should plead the cause of science to Lord John Russell; and the minister—himself an author as well as a statesman—could scarcely withstand the appeal now that he has an exchequer balance in hand.

But the consideration of what might be in the Hunterian Museum must not divert our attention from the many things it contains. Walking along the central path we gradually obtain an idea of how abundant these riches are. We see around contributions from all countries; hundreds of skeletons; but not one horror. All are clean, calm, and white—bones, dry bones—but standing up in all the characteristic attitudes of life. Asia sends its elephant; Africa its cameleopard, and its hippopotamus; the new world of Australasia, its gigantic extinct bird, the *Dinornis* of New Zealand; Europe, a species of extinct, gigantic deer. The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the fishes of the sea, the myriad of creeping things, the reptiles of oozy rivers and marshes, and dark forests, send each their contribution to this assemblage of all things—this bony parliament of the natural creation—this Hall of Skeleton Assembly—this

Post Mortem Palace. All rest quietly in company. Lions and lambs; dolphins, turtles, and sharks are on the very best terms with each other; eagles, hawks, swans, and pigeons perch in harmony. Different portions of the animal economy are also displayed. One case contains skulls from all parts of the globe; in another are brains of various creatures, beautifully preserved, and abundant enough to satiate the wildest phrenologist; a third has stomachs sufficient to startle any number of aldermen, or to outdo in capacity the largest of luxurious corporations. The noblest and the meanest of created things send each their contribution; from the mammoth to the mouse,—from man to the ape.

In one case are some illustrations of the durability of the skin of different creatures, and amongst others is a specimen of the integument of the extinct animal giant, the mammoth, discovered in the frozen soil of Siberia, where it must have lain bound up in its crystal prison doubtless not for hundreds, but for thousands, of years. The story of its discovery is told in the Catalogue, and is worth repeating:—

“A Tungusian hunter and collector of fossil ivory, who had migrated in 1799 to the peninsula of Tamul, at the mouth of the Lena, near the seventieth degree of north latitude, one day perceived, amongst the blocks of ice and frozen soil, a shapeless mass, which in the following year was more disengaged and showed two projecting parts. In 1803, part of the ice between the earth and the observed body—which was then recognised as that of a mammoth, yielding the tusks commonly found in the soil of that coast—having melted more rapidly than the rest, the enormous mass fell by its own weight on a bank of sand. Of this, two Tungusians, who accompanied Mr. Adams, the recorder of the fact, were witnesses. In the month of March, 1804, the discoverer came to his mammoth, and having cut off the tusks, exchanged them with a merchant for goods of the value of fifty rubles. Two years afterwards, or the seventh after the discovery of the mammoth, Mr. Adams visited the spot, and found the mammoth still in the same place, but altogether mutilated: the Jakutski of the neighbourhood had cut off the flesh, with which they fed their dogs during the scarcity. Wild beasts, such as white bears, wolves, wolverines, and foxes, also fed upon it, and the traces of their footsteps were seen around. The skeleton, almost entirely cleared of its flesh, remained whole, with the exception of one fore-leg, probably dragged off by the bears. The spine, with other parts of the skeleton, still held together by the ligaments, and by parts of the skin. The head was covered with a dry skin; one of the ears, well preserved, was furnished with a tuft of hair. The point of the lower lip had been gnawed; and the upper one, with the proboscis, having been devoured, the molar teeth

could be perceived. The brain was still in the cranium, but appeared dried up. The parts least injured were one fore-foot and one hind-foot; they were covered with skin, and had still the sole attached. The skin, of which about three-fourths were saved, was of a dark grey colour, covered with a reddish wool, and coarse long black hairs. The dampness of the spot where the animal had lain so long, had in some degree destroyed the hair. The entire skeleton, from the fore-part of the skull to the end of the mutilated tail, measured sixteen feet four inches; its height was nine feet four inches. The tusks measured along the curve nine feet six inches, and in a straight line, from the base to the point, three feet seven inches.

“Mr. Adams collected the bones. He next detached the skin on the side on which the animal had lain, which was well preserved; the weight of the skin was such, that ten persons found great difficulty in transporting it to the shore. After this, the ground was dug in different places to ascertain whether any of its bones were buried, but principally to collect all the hairs which the white bears had trod into the ground whilst devouring the flesh, and more than thirty-six pounds’ weight of hair were thus recovered. The tusks were re-purchased at Jakutsk, and the whole sent thence to St. Petersburg, where the skeleton is now mounted.”

Very many heads and hands have contributed to complete this museum. As its name indicates, the founder of the collection was the self-educated, self-elevated physiologist, John Hunter, who, born to the condition of a village carpenter, raised himself to the foremost rank as an investigator of the laws of Nature. Hunter did not accept as truth, all that was told him; nor did he rest content with what his predecessors had done or said; but, intent upon the discovery of facts, he went to work for himself. Animal and vegetable products of all kinds were materials full of interest to him; come whence they would, they were made to contribute to his knowledge of natural things; and when his skill and his fame grew, and as skill and fame gave money and power, both were used for the acquisition of a larger stock of materials for observation.

During his lifetime he prepared and accumulated a marvellous number of specimens; and when his sudden death whilst attending at St. George’s Hospital, brought enemies and friends alike to a recognition of his great services to science, it was determined to buy his museum, with funds provided by the public purse, and to place its contents where they might be ready for public reference. The valuable charge was first offered to the College of Physicians, and declined upon the plea that they were too poor. It was next offered to the College of Surgeons, and accepted. The Government voted a portion of the money necessary for building a museum, the College finding the rest. Since then,

without any help from the taxes, the collection has been increased and enriched from various sources.

Fifteen hundred pounds were given for fifteen hundred preparations left behind him by Sir Astley Cooper; four hundred and fifty pounds were given for four hundred and fifty made by Mr. Liston; eight hundred and sixty-eight pounds for preparations made by "old Brooks," and seven hundred and sixty pounds for a number of specimens prepared by Mr. Langstaff. Innumerable things have been given by different scientific surgeons and others, until the total of the combined supply makes up what we see—undoubtedly the finest physiological collection in the world. The whole cost of bringing the thing to its present perfection has been very great. Since the museum has been in charge of the College, it is calculated that they have spent upon it, in specimens, salaries, catalogues, and preservation (a very costly business) upwards of sixty-six thousand pounds.

With the consequences entailed by its custody (ingloriously escaped by the College of Physicians) the sum spent has been much larger still. This has come almost wholly out of the fees paid for diplomas, the College having no property in houses or lands; and such being the case, now that they see the museum has grown and grown till it almost chokes up the existing space for its reception—large though that be—and now that specimens are hidden up for want of space for their display; the public may fairly demand that aid from some source may be given for its proper expansion. In other countries the Government are foremost in their provision for science; in ours, the public voice has often to be raised again and again before a scanty dole is afforded for such public purposes. About three thousand a-year is now spent out of the funds of the surgical public for keeping up this national museum—open to the nation without fee or stint, with no twopenny fee at the door, as they have at St. Paul's—a museum into which the contributions of science are ever and anon pouring new abundance. The Government of France, or Prussia, or Russia, if they had such an institution, would surely not stint something for house-room. Why should the Government of England?

Whilst to the scientific this museum affords ample means for study, it has also points of deep interest and instruction for the simplest of unlettered visitors. On a pedestal in the centre of the room, stands the skeleton eight feet high of the Irish giant, O'Byrne, the living human wonder of his day. He died about seventy years ago, when only twenty-two years old, his death being hastened by his love for drink. His last fears were, that his enormous frame might fall into the hands of the doctors, and he made those about him promise to carry his body out to sea, and sink it there. So remarkable a specimen of

the human family was not, however, fated to be utterly lost. A hundred years might pass without producing another man of the same height; extraordinary exertions were made to secure his skeleton, and John Hunter succeeded in adding it to his museum, but not without an expenditure of a very large sum of money to the depraved associates of the drunken dead giant. Beside O'Byrne's skeleton are those of an adult man and woman of the ordinary stature, and the contrast is sufficiently complete. A more striking one, however, is secured by a fourth skeleton, that of a little woman, known thirty years ago, as the Sicilian Dwarf. Her name was Caroline Crachami, and she was exhibited in various parts of England, being much less than two feet high! She died in Old Bond Street, in 1824, and her skeleton measures but twenty inches. The man who put up her skeleton, had evidently a dash of the satirist in his composition; for at the foot of the tiny bony frame lies a silk stocking that once clothed the dwarf's leg, and a little ring filled with pearls, and a ruby that once encircled her finger. The glitter of the gew-gaws is a silent commentary on the vanities once allied to the dry bones they now lie beside—vanities not limited to poor dwarfs.

Beyond the human giant, loom the bones of a quadruped the skeleton of poor Chuny, "the mad elephant of Exeter Change." Many of our readers will remember the days when Zoological Gardens were unknown in England, and when Exeter Change projected half across the present Strand near the end of Catherine Street, and ran for a considerable distance down towards Charing Cross—the under part being an arcade for the sale of nick-nacks, and the upper stories being full of caged wild-beasts. Those who remember that old favourite haunt of shopping ladies and sight-seeing Londoners, will remember also the day when the town was alarmed by news that the elephant had gone mad, with love and tooth-ache, and was breaking out of his den; and how, in spite of drugs by pailful, and poisons by the pound, he could be neither cured nor killed; and how, at last, men were summoned from the neighbourhood armed with guns to fire upon the enraged creature, and at last a file of grenadiers were sent for, and all fired, and fired more than two hundred muskets and rifle shots in vain, until at length one ball took effect in the poor crazy monster's brain. To all who remember these things, Chuny will appear an old acquaintance when they see him in the College Museum, for which he was bought at a cost of two hundred pounds.

Round about the museum are many other smaller objects of attraction. The paper nautilus is there with a word in the catalogue, dissipating the old poetical notion that their expanded arms are used as sails; also some beautiful Italian models of the torpedo—the fishy living galvanic battery;

some cases of most curiously dissected insects, and also some skeletons of fish, showing, each in its proper place, the multitude of small bones that bother the hasty epicure. One of the specimens is a trout caught at Drayton Manor. It weighed twenty-two pounds, and was sent by Sir Robert Peel, as a curiosity, to the College, when the council, in compliment to the statesman who dealt so much more liberally with science than many other ministers had done, spent a round sum in putting up the skeleton in the present style.

Besides remarkable instances of normal structure, many curious freaks of nature are there also; some of them being in a small additional room on the left of the hall. One of these, the child with two skulls, may be mentioned. It is the skeleton of a boy born in Bengal, about seventy years ago. Here is the description from the catalogue:—"The child was healthy and was more than four years old at the time of its death, which was occasioned by the bite of a poisonous snake. When born, the body of the child was naturally formed, but the head appeared double, there being, besides the proper head of the child, another of the same size, and to appearance almost equally perfect, attached to its upper part. This upper head was upside down, the two being united together by a firm adhesion between their crowns, but without any indentation at their union, there being a smooth continued surface from one to the other. The face of the upper head was not over that of the lower, but had an oblique position, the centre of it being immediately above the right eye. When the child was six months old, both of the heads were covered with black hair, in nearly the same quantity. At this period the skulls seemed to have been completely ossified, except a small space on the top. The eyelids of the superior head were never completely shut, but remained a little open, even when the child was asleep, and the eyeballs moved at random. When the child was roused, the eyes of both heads moved at the same time; but those of the superior head did not appear to be directed to the same object, but wandered in different directions. The tears flowed from the eyes of the superior head almost constantly, but never from the eyes of the other except when crying. The superior head seemed to sympathise with the child in most of its natural actions. When the child cried, the features of this head were affected in a similar manner, and the tears flowed plentifully. When it sucked the mother, from the mouth of the superior head the saliva flowed more copiously than at any other time, for it always flowed a little from it. When the child smiled, the features of the superior head sympathised in that action. When the skin of the superior head was pinched, the child seemed to feel little or no pain, at least not in the same proportion as was felt from a

similar violence being committed on its own head or body." A fuller account of this remarkable case of monstrosity may be found in the "Philosophical Transactions," by those who like to seek it.

Many other things equally strange might be named, were it needful, for the smaller museum is half-full of curious things. There are, for instance, illustrations of two of the most marvellous cures, or rather escapes, on record:—such as the bones of the front of the chest of a man who was literally impaled by a gig shaft, but recovered; a second, are drawings to illustrate the injuries of another man, a sailor, who was pinned to the deck by an iron spike at the end of a mast, weighing six hundred pounds, but who yet recovered, and is believed to be yet alive, and well, in Wales. The crowning curiosities, however, are not named in the catalogue, though they stand in two small bottles, on a mahogany pedestal, in the centre of this smaller room. To a man with a soul for identicals, they must offer great attraction, for they are two portions of the small intestine of the Emperor Napoleon, showing the presence of the cancerous disease that killed him. These post-mortem relics were removed by a French surgeon who assisted in opening the body of the deceased conqueror, and were given by him to Barry O'Meara, who presented them to Sir Astley Cooper. They offer scientific and historical evidence of the cause of the great man's death. Some time ago a card leant against the bottles, explaining the nature of their contents, but more than once a French visitor to the place became excited, and even violent, on seeing the relics of their venerated chief. One day a perfect scene occurred:—"Perfide Albion!" shrieked a wild Gaul, whose enthusiasm seemed as though it had been fed upon Cognac. "Perfide Albion!" again and more loudly rang through the usually quiet hall. "Not sufficient to have your Waterloo Bridge, your Waterloo Place, your Waterloo boots, but you put violent hands on de grand Emperor himself. Perfide! perfide! perfide!" he yelled again, and had he not been restrained, would have run a Gallic muck among the bones and bottles that would have been recollected for many a day. From that time the pathological record of Napoleon's fatal malady has been unnumbered, and—to the million—unrecognisable.

A popular enquiry of the place is, "Where's Mrs. Van Butchell? Which is Mrs. Van Butchell?" The lady in question was the first wife of Martin Van Butchell, a celebrated quack doctor, who, eighty years ago, used to ride in Hyde Park a pony painted blue, green, and red, as an advertisement of himself and his pretended cures. When the good lady died, her husband employed some eminent medical men of the day to try a mode of preserving her remains, and they were accordingly embalmed with turpentine and

camphorated spirits of wine. Seventy-five years have elapsed since it was done, and Mrs. Van Butchell, judging by her head, is still a most respectable mummy. Another female, who desired about the same period to be so treated after her demise, and whose wish was realised, is in a similar state of preservation. But we have said enough. Let those who would know more of the fine collection, go and search out its curiosities for themselves.

THE WEALTH OF THE WOODS.

THOSE uncultivated regions, dotted here and there with trees, and serried everywhere with brambles, which we of Europe call a forest, is a garden compared with the least extensive forest of New Brunswick. A saunter only a few hundred yards from a New Brunswick settlement suddenly brings you to a barrier of trees, firmly rooted, side by side, in the severest military order, and you are told that that (pointing between the crevices of the trees) is your way into the forest; the reflection at once passes through your mind that the famed Daniel Lambert would have been an indifferent backwoodsman. However you are in a North American wilderness, a few hundred miles from the most distant approach to the comforts of civilisation; and your resolution to make the best of matters is strong. With a desperate effort, that rapidly pumps the blood into your face, you force your way through the barrier. In a few minutes you are buried in the vast solitude. You hear the chirp of birds at a great height. It is March, and you are reminded that about this season of the year the black bear, having sucked the thick part of his paw throughout the winter, and taken no other kind of nourishment, issues from his den in quest of more substantial fare. This reflection, however unpleasant at first, is soon dispelled by the marvellous variety of the scene. Life in a thousand forms is busy about you. Pussy is changing her winter coat of white for the grey of summer; and the fox is quietly speculating upon the hen who is sitting under your neighbour's shed. After a quarter of an hour's desperate scrambling you emerge into a small open space; and are startled to find a busy band of people at work. On inquiry, you learn that you have surprised the workers of a maple-sugary. The sugar maples, into which holes have been bored, are noble trees, rising, in some instances, to the height of seventy or eighty feet. The ground on which they grow is a gentle declivity, in the valley of which a stream, with bits of frail ice still clinging about its banks, bubbles along. The back of the rock or sugar maple is of a dazzling whiteness. The sugar camp is a rough shanty, pitched in one corner of the cleared space, to shelter those who attend to the kettles. The process of extracting the

saccharine sap and reducing it to sugar is, at present, rude, and perhaps wasteful. The trees are perforated with an auger in an oblique upward direction, at about twenty inches from the ground, and on the south side. The trough, which is to receive the sap is placed at the foot of the tree, and left there throughout the day, at the close of which its contents are poured into casks, or into a huge trough made of the hollowed trunk of a birch tree. The evaporation is kept up by a brisk fire, night and day, until the liquid is reduced to a syrup. It is then strained through a blanket. Afterwards it is boiled till reduced to the proper consistency for being poured into the moulds. When properly refined, the maple-sugar of New Brunswick equals in quality, and beauty the finest sugar consumed in Europe. Maple sap is also convertible into vinegar by acetous fermentation under the rays of the sun.

Maple-sugar is consumed throughout New Brunswick, and in various other parts of the American Continent. Some of the sugaries tap eight hundred trees annually; yet these trees, so valuable for their saccharine matter (and the extraction of which does not retard their growth), have been indiscriminately felled by the settlers; and already many New Brunswick farmers when they hear of the pains the people of the United States are taking to plant maple orchards, look back with regret to the noble maple groves they have chopped up into firewood. The wood when worked has a rosy tinge, and a silky texture. It exhibits two accidental forms, which give it additional value in the eyes of cabinet makers. One is known as "curled maple," that is, maple with an undulating grain, such as the red flowering maple (which also grows plentifully in the dense forests of New Brunswick) often shows.

The second accidental formation of which cabinet makers take advantage, is found only in old trees. It consists of an inflexion of the fibre from the circumference towards the centre, producing spots of half a line in diameter, sometimes contiguous, and sometimes several lines apart. This formation is called "bird's-eye maple." The sugar-maple is now beginning to be imported into this country in considerable quantities. Even from the excrescences or knobs of this beautiful and valuable tree, cabinet-work of rare beauty is manufactured by the French.

Passing from the sugary, and leaving behind you the graceful rows of silver maple, that look like fairies' wands, you may pass one or two stunted grey oaks. The severe winter dwarfs them, yet their wood is sound and hard, and serves for agricultural implements, and sleighs. Your attention is, however, soon taken from the puny oaks to be rivetted upon some magnificent specimens of vegetation. The grand walnut or butternut trees of New Brunswick, are hardly known in England. The butternut, however, makes noble